We Strike at Midnight

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/86444351.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Kill la Kill (Anime & Manga)
Relationship:	Kiryuuin Satsuki/Matoi Ryuuko
Characters:	Matoi Ryuuko, Kiryuuin Satsuki
Additional Tags:	Sibling Incest, Accidental Incest, Mental Health Issues, Drug Abuse, Panic Attacks, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-06-10 Words: 1,298 Chapters: 1/1

We Strike at Midnight

by jennabeanz

Summary

After being advised not to do so by her “homeroom teacher” Aikuro Mikisugi, Ryuko decides to play dirty and infiltrate Satsuki’s private chamber in the middle of the night in order to threaten answers of her father’s death out of her.

This takes place between the events of the First Naturals Election tournament and the Tri-City School Raid Trip. (ie, Ryuko knows about Nui but is still being led on by Satsuki)

Notes

This is my first fic, so any criticism is welcome. I’m also working on a slow burn fic of these two, so please keep me motivated if you want to see that as well lol.

The distraction seems to have worked. No alarms have sounded, and no reinforcements have arrived. With Senketsu in their synchronised form, Ryuko stands at the alleged door to Satsuki's private chamber. She gets down on her hands and knees to try make out any sounds coming through the thin gap at the bottom from inside the room.

Is that… heavy breathing?

Better not be something I'll regret seeing.

She reaches for the door, but to her surprise it slides open automatically. And quietly, too. She gets back so that she doesn't get spotted. Do they have any proper security measures here?

Here goes nothing…

Ryuko dashes into the room, barely having enough time to assess the situation, before halting at the edge of the massive bed and holding her scissor blade to Satsuki's neck. She is sat up, and seems to be recovering from a hyperventilated state, with an open bottle of pills in her one hand. However, when she realises that her life is on the line, she quickly begins to regulate her breathing, albeit with difficulty, chest still heaving. She looks up at Ryuko with an attempted smug expression.

"What is this? Paying me a visit at this fine hour of the night?"

"Spare your breath since you clearly need it. My apologies, did I walk in on a nightmare?"

Satsuki makes an annoyed sound.

"Why, are you concerned for me?"

"Just… You're playing with your life here. But since you're curious, I decided this time of day would be the best time to get any information out of you, all vulnerable and helpless. So, are you gonna tell me about my father's death for real or what?"

"Let me take a couple of these first, will you?"

"Hmm, what is that?" Ryuko knocks the bottle out of Satsuki's hand with her blade and picks it up, spilling some pills in the process. She reads the label.

"Xanax? Isn't this stuff used for panic disorders, insomnia, heavy shit like that?"

"Surprised?"

"Well, yeah. Didn't think Miss Satsuki was having trouble sleeping at night. Why is that?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

"You…!" Ryuko lets out a frustrated sigh and makes a gesture with her blade. "Fine, go ahead. Take all the pills you need."

Satsuki gulps down an almost concerning number of pills straight from the bottle and tosses it to the side. She lets out a deep breath and relaxes against her pillows. Her silk robe is disheveled, loosely kept together with the sash and leaving an open space down the middle. Ryuko can't help but raise her brows slightly, her eyes darting down and checking out the scene. In that one second, Satsuki kicks the scissor blade out of Ryuko's hand and stands up, slowly moving forward.

"No weapons…"

"Smooth, I'll give you that. But what can you do alone against a Kamui – hey!"

Satsuki pins the transfer student against the wall, boring her eyes into the latter.

"…No fighting, either. Let's just talk."

"Get off me or I'm gonna send you flying through the opposite wall!"

"Ryuko, what is this sensation?" Senketsu speaks up, feeling overwhelmed by unfamiliar senses. *"It makes me feel… weak…"*

The two girls' eyes remain locked on each other, with Satsuki's expression somewhere between intense and relaxed, and Ryuko's depicting bewilderment and slight curiosity.

"Well? Are you going to strike me? Or will we play friendly?"

A pause, and Ryuko deactivates Life Fibre Synchronise.

"F-Fine, but you better start talking. Don't make me regret treating you with an ounce of humanity!"

"You know, I noticed the way you looked at me just now. Care to explain?"

"Stop straying away from the topic at hand!"

"Patience, Matoi, you'll get what you want. Just answer the question. You don't happen to be into women, do you?"

"N-No… Yes, but – what does any of this have to do with what I want?"

"You've already come all this way. You might as well stay a few minutes longer and get more than what you bargained for."

"What are you talking about?"

"I can tell that you're liking this, even if you don't want to. So, I'll let you have a feel."

"…Feel of what?"

"A feel of what you keep trying not to peek at."

A blush forms on Ryuko's face, and she can't even deny the allegations.

“Are you high? Surely the pills haven’t kicked in that fast.”

“Don’t mind me. Go ahead.”

Ryuko swallows hard and looks down at the prize – Satsuki Kiryuin’s perfect, voluptuous breasts. Her fingers tremble as they slowly reach out and gently grasp the soft flesh, a wave of pleasure immediately shooting from her fingertips down to her crotch.

“A-Ah…” Ryuko lets out a shaky sound of delight, which only puts a smile on Satsuki’s face. She herself has to steady her breath as well. She lowers her head, bringing her face closer to Ryuko’s. The transfer student feels that breath hit her lips, and it fills her with anticipation.

Is this an invitation?

Testing the waters, she closes the gap, letting their lips meet. The kiss is not overly aggressive like their duels, but there is an unmistaken passion and rhythm of their lips, as if in sync. Ryuko’s fingers dance on Satsuki’s skin as they hold on to the sides of her chest.

“A-Ahhh, what is this, Ryuko…?”

“Senketsu, I need you to stay calm. We’ll be okay. Just bear with me for a bit!”

Ryuko feels a pair of arms wrapping around her back, and the way their breasts push into each other brings a muffled moan out of her mouth.

Ryuko has always been headstrong, always showing no mercy to creeps that would try to make moves and provoke her. But Satsuki Kiryuin is not a creep – she’s special, and damn attractive at that. Something about them being rivals only adds to the allure of it all. Even if the moment is short, she can return home satisfied.

Feeling a bit daring, she gives those assets a slow but deliberate squeeze, causing their owner to gasp into the kiss. Oh, how nice it sounds.

The two of them could go on like this for hours if they wanted to – they’re more than capable. But they can’t get carried away. As if their minds are linked, they both pull back at the same time, wearing expressions that reveal the fact that neither of them wants it to end this way. But it has to.

“Fine. I’ll get the answers out of you soon enough. But humour me for just one thing.”

Satsuki sighs through her nose and decides to be more straight for once.

“…Of course.”

“Perhaps I would like to know… Why the trouble sleeping at night?”

That’s when Satsuki’s gaze becomes one of steel once again, as if this were just another day of their rivalry.

“Matoi, there are things I just cannot say, even to my closest subordinates. But since you are so insistent… I have a very stressful position.”

“Stressful, how? From bringing suffering to your precious academy? Right, it must be pretty stressful, being one of the evilest people ever, isn’t it?”

“I am not going to explain myself. If I were you, I would take my leave now, so that there will be no consequences for you or your Mankanshoku family.”

“Tch.”

Ryuko bumps Satsuki’s shoulder as she walks over to pick up her scissor. Heading straight for the door, she pauses and looks over her shoulder.

“See you around, Kiryuin.”

“Goodbye, Matoi.”

The student council president watches as the door closes, and she gets back into bed. Staring up at the ceiling, she runs her hands along her face.

So, this is what true freedom, true happiness feels like.

I wonder if she would ever understand me.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!